



## Yellow Curtains by franlccastle

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**Summary:** When a new family moves in next door to the Murphy's Kyle finds herself just outside her window who understands. Someone who can see past closed doors and peer inside her life without questions. Billy Hargrove could look into her room and vice versa and they'd know. Their relationship was odd & slightly intimate but outside they were strangers & they'd both rather keep it that way

## 1. new neighbors

**KYLE MURPHY SAT AT HER WINDOWSILL ON THE FAR SIDE OF HER ROOM.** The window opened out to the side of the house next door where Ms. Wojciechowski had lived previously, but now new neighbors were pulling in only a week after she had passed.

The rumors around town said that Ms. W had died suddenly of a broken heart after hearing the news of her son's death. When Kyle heard the news, she felt that the rumors were exaggerating, as they always did, no one could be so in love with someone that they died. It sounded like a lazy analysis and like it was just gossip, as it was.

So, Kyle frowned, dismissing the thoughts from her head and leaned her forehead against the cool glass and watched as the moving truck and two cars made it to their destination.

A yellow Ford pulled into the driveway first, ugly and slightly rusted on the roof as the engine ran heavily like a heavy smoker. A man pulled himself out on the driver's side with dark hair neatly combed and a permanent scowl beneath his thick mustache.

Kyle watched a woman and a girl climb out of the left side of the car facing her house. The woman smoothed her dress down as she turned to her husband as her daughter followed doing the same to her pants before leaning back into the car to grab a skateboard. The two both had striking red hair and freckled faces, the mother smiling awkwardly at her daughter as she stomped to the front of the house, a scowl mimicking her father's.

Behind them, a blue Camaro roared and shuddered into the driveway beside the yellow Ford. Through the window, Kyle could feel the base of the car's radio in her room, but before she could make out the song, the engine shut off.

A boy her age stepped out of the car with dirty blonde curls and aviators that made him look as cool as ice, but it dropped in a second as he looked at his father. Kyle couldn't make out the man's face, as his back faced her, but the look on the boy's face made Kyle's frown deepen.

The blonde scowled furthered then caught the keys his father had tossed to him stomping to open the door.

The men from the moving truck had begun pulling out boxes from the truck, leaving them in their driveway as they gathered more. Kyle would have stayed to watch the new family interacting with each other but was caught by her mom's soft rapping on her door. Jenny opened the door before Kyle could respond, the faint smell of apple pie becoming choking as it wafted in behind her mother.

"We're going to meet the neighbors," her mom, Jenny, stated, nodding her head back towards the living room.

Kyle stared at her mother for a moment then turned back to her window, where she noticed the curly-haired boy leaving the room across from her window.

"They've only just gotten here," Kyle stated, turning back to her mother as she rolled her eyes.

"And they'll appreciate a warm pie waiting for them when they're finished," Jenny replied and left Kyle's room without saying anything else.

Kyle sat in her windowsill for a beat before she slowly stood and pulled on a pair of high waisted jeans instead of her shorts. She looked into the corner of her room where her sneakers waited but decided that the socks she was wearing would be fine for the journey next door.

Kyle met her parents in the doorway where they stood like a picture-perfect family and left the house to walk the distance between her home and the new neighbors.

Kyle walked awkwardly behind her parents, tugging at the long sleeves of her green turtleneck and didn't realize her parents had stopped walking before she headbutted her father's back. Edwin snapped his head back and glared down at his daughter. Kyle was just thankful that she hadn't run into her mother, who held the warm pie in her hands. If she had ended up ruining the pie *in front* of the new neighbors, she'd have hell to pay.

Edwin Murphy turned back to the new neighbors, a fake smile on his clean-shaven face as he held his hand out to the man of the house.

"We just wanted to introduce ourselves," Edwin explained, the man in front of him shaking his hand firmly. "I'm Edwin, and this is my wife, Jenny and our daughter, Kyle."

"Kyle?" the man asked with a slight chuckle, his eyes landing on Kyle with a raised brow.

"She's named after my brother," Jenny explained.

"Excuse my manners," the man said, raising a hand to himself. "I'm Neil, and this is my wife, Susan."

Their kids lingered behind them. The red-headed girl stared at the family with her eyebrows furrowed and the scowl still on while the curly-haired boy avoided them altogether as he continued to take his boxes inside the house.

"This is Maxine, Susan's daughter and my son—" Neil was saying, turning to look at his son but found him nowhere in sight. His eyebrows twitched before the pretty boy walked outside and tried to go for another box. "*Billy!* Come over here and introduce yourself."

Billy paused as he bent down to pick up a box, his ears burned red and straightened, smoothing out his denim jacket. He turned back to the group and kept the scowl on his lips as he approached them. He kept his mouth in a tight line until his father gave him a sharp look that Kyle felt like she had seen before on her own father's face not even two minutes earlier.

"I'm Billy," he said through clenched teeth. "Nice to meet you."

Billy eyed the group, his eyes grazing over Kyle, and if it were any other time than now Kyle would bet all her money that he would have something charming to say, but there was something odd in meeting someone in front of your parents who were total assholes.

So, Kyle and Billy kept to themselves as Jenny handed her famous apple pie over to Susan. The adults talked for twenty minutes. Billy and Maxine walked back to the boxes after a few minutes while Kyle

stayed with her mouth closed and her eyes on her socks.

Once the Murphy's were finished talking to the Hargrove's, Edwin led his wife and daughter back home, his hand rested on Kyle's shoulder, pinching down without the neighbors noticing.

The moment the door closed, Jenny had already gone, and Edwin was fuming.

"The *next time* you embarrass me—!"

"Embarrass you! I barely knocked into you!" Kyle retorted, her anger boiling over.

"You made us look like fools! Did you see how Neil looked at me? As if I were a pushover and I am *no pushover*, Kyle!" Edwin fumed. "Do not disrespect me! Especially when we attend dinner with them. I might even ask if they would like to go out *adults only* so that you don't further embarrass me!"

"That's *fine* with me, *dad!* I'd rather stay at home than go out with you and your stupid friends!"

"Kyle," Edwin whispered, his voice shaking in anger. "Go to your room *now!*" he screamed.

Kyle rolled her eyes, but she could feel the tears prick, and so she listened and stomped down the hallway into her room and slammed the door shut. She expected her dad to say something else, but he said nothing, even as she picked up a glass and slammed it against the ground. Glass shards flew everywhere on the ground, and Kyle remembered she hadn't put on shoes.

She sighed, bending down to pick up the pieces, tears now streaming down her face. She threw the pieces in her overflowing trashcan and stood to her feet. Kyle looked up, and out of her window, the curtains pulled back and in the window next door wasn't the creepy dolls Ms. Wojciechowski used to keep in there but Billy Hargrove. A cigarette hung from his lip as he watched Kyle cry in her bedroom.

Kyle walked to the window, her hands on both curtains and closed them.

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**AUTHOR'S NOTE!** *here i am on my shit again writing a billy fic when i told myself i'd start my peter parker fic that i've been messing around with for months and a steve harrington fic i thought about before this one. either way i'm very excited for this story and plan to work on this one and my frank castle one atm. BUT i have not finished season 3 yet so please, please, please be kind and don't put any comments on what happens. my dad and i watch it together so it takes a while.*

*thank you guys for reading and please take this story lightly as any man like billy will most likely make your life hell in real life. but this is fiction so don't bully me.*

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## 2. early morning sights

**IT WAS THE MONDAY AFTER THE HARGROVE'S HAD MOVED IN, AND KYLE HAD MADE THE MISTAKE OF STAYING UP REORGANIZE HER BINDERS.** Now, she was fifteen minutes off her regular morning schedule as she pulled her hair back into a messy ponytail, strands falling out all over the place while she held a piece of toast in her mouth. Once she finished, Kyle hopped around her room, her yellow curtains open as she shrugged on a yellow sweater to match the scrunchie in her hair. Kyle tugged on her high-waisted jeans, spinning in the air to come face to face with her neighbor in his room.

Both seemed to notice each other at the same time. Billy stood in the middle of his room, staring at Kyle as if electricity was shooting for her. He smirked as he buckled his belt and a red hot fire-filled Kyle's face. Uneasily, Kyle waved to Billy, slowly making her way out of her room and shooting for the doors.

Kyle had made it to the front door, her keys in her hands and went to grab her backpack before she realized she had left it in her room because of her late-night organizing. She jogged back to her room, sneakers squeaking against the wood floors as she flung into her room. Her hand rested on one of the straps, chancing another look out of her yellow curtains to see Billy talking to himself in the mirror. He had a cigarette settled lazily between his lips.

Kyle couldn't help but grimace at the sight, turning on her heel and made it out of her door for school.

Kyle pulled into the Hawkins High parking lot not even ten minutes later in her unassigned parking space beside Steve 'the Hair' Harrington. He and Nancy Wheeler sat comfortably inside his car, discussing a paper strangled in between Nancy's tense hands.

Kyle slinked out of her car, leaning herself against the windowsill and smiled to the two inside, waving her hand. The window rolled down for her, and Kyle leaned in.

"What are you two working on?" Kyle asked.



The three teens weren't close only talking during school hours, or when the opportunity presented itself, in the library for a project. Anything else and they were strangers, but Kyle didn't mind happy to have them around when she needed them.

Kyle and Steve were in the same grade. They grew up together but had always been at opposite ends of school popularity. Steve had grown from a sweethearted kid into an asshole, but in the past year, he had been with Nancy he had grown into a tolerable asshole. Kyle appreciated the effect Nancy had on him.

Kyle and Nancy, on the other hand, were quite similar by being good students and liked to keep ahead of the curve in learning, often becoming the teacher's pet and always staying out of trouble.

Although, while Steve liked parties and being the King of Hawkins High and Nancy liked flashcards and making A's on all of her tests, Kyle wanted to learn what she wanted to learn and read Steven King novels long into the haunted hours of the night.

For Kyle, school was either a popularity contest or a battle for valedictorian, and she didn't have a care for either. She didn't want the sexist white-washed histories that had been re-told since third grade or the same opinions on how the Universe was created. Kyle liked to brush herself up on the theory of multiple universes or try to hack into the school's computer system from the inside.

"My early admissions essay," Steve explained, rolling his eyes taking the essay from Nancy's hands and crumbling it. "What's the point? I'm going to end up working for my dad anyway," he sighed.

Nancy had begun softly asking Steve to calm down and reassure him. Kyle grew uncomfortable with the two, awkwardly patting the windshield.

"Alright, I'm gonna head in. Let me know if I can help."

Nancy nor Steve responded, stuck in their little lover's world as they continued to argue.

Just as Kyle was about to make her way into the school, the rev of a

familiar engine rattled the parking lot. All of those in the vicinity craning their necks to look at the loud noise in the quiet town. Kyle turned just as Billy's blue Camaro whipped into a parking space near the edge of the lot, kicking up dust behind it like smoke.

Maxine, annoyed and scowling, stepped out of the Camaro as soon as it stopped and skated off towards the middle school without looking back to her step-brother.

At the driver's side, Billy dramatically rose with the echoes of *Rock You Like A Hurricane* following him as the student body stood in quiet anticipation of the new guy. Billy smirked at the stillness, and the eyes settled on him. Somehow, in the middle of the fray, Billy was able to find her and the smirk on his lips that had been there since that morning raised just slightly at seeing her again.

Billy sent Kyle a wink, the crowd of quiet teens erupting in gossip, but she was quick, skidding inside the high school before heads could turn and connect the dots.

In a place so *boring* everyone in Hawkins seemed to stretch every bit of exciting news as far as it could, and with her, she knew it could get messy. Soon enough she'd have snuck into Billy's room because they were neighbors, fucking each other and Kyle would find herself falling in love while he kept himself distant and cold.

But that was not what had happened.

Charlie Blackwood and April Byrd rested at Kyle's locker intently discussing something between each other that even when Kyle approached, said hello and begun putting up her things was unable to get a response out of them.

"I don't want to see *Back to the Future* next Summer, Charlie. If you were to go back in time, you'ds have to go faster than light, and I'm pretty sure a DeLorean can't go faster than light, do you, Charles?"

"Ooh, Charles, that's gotta hurt," Kyle laughed, backing away from her locker with her books in hand as she tried to enter the conversation.

Charlie groaned, his hands tangled in his thick curls as he glared at April. "It doesn't have to do with *how* he gets back. It's just the fun of going to see what happens!"

"Not if it's politically inaccurate," April disagreed, her arms folded over her chest.

"April—"

"*Guy*s!" Kyle interrupted, finally gaining their attention. "How about we talk about going to see *Back to the Future* when it comes out in the Summer. Literally, eight months from now. We won't be doing anything exciting, just like every Summer... So, you two arguing can be entertainment."

"Fine, whatever," April muttered, turning on her heel to fully face Kyle. Her almond eyes pressing as she smirked, "How was meeting the new neighbors?"

As if he had heard, Billy strolled into the school, heads turning with him. His shoulders were squared, and he walked with a strut that exuded *cool*, more so than Steve Harrington, the current King of Hawkins High. Although, this new kid seemed to be in the runnings of usurping the King.

He turned, his dirty blonde curls bouncing with him. The frown he had dawned faded as he smirked at Kyle's green eyes popping up wherever he went.

Billy winked her way as if it were his calling card, just to see that red blush of hers rise again and her turn away and back to her friends.

Billy was gone, and whispers filled the halls as Kyle kept her eyes trained on the bottom of the lockers while April and Charlie bore holes into the side of her head.

"So?" Charlie muttered. "It seems it went well."

"Anything you'd like to share? Maybe a new friendship, a new relationship? Anything, in particular, you'd like to share with the class," April reasoned, shrugging her shoulders.

At the ring of the bell, Kyle was off to English before answering either of her friend's questions.

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**AUTHOR'S NOTE!** *wow, finally updating this. i hope you guys like it! i tried to update this a couple nights ago but it just wasn't working for me and then i figured i should probably give kyle some friends. charlie is played by tom holland and will float between this story and a steve fic i plan on writing which features april so the two share the same universe.*

*anyway, thank you guys for reading! and if you'd like to see more content on my stories follow me on .com where i'll post edits and side content for all my stories.*

### 3. bright eyes

OCTOBER 23, 1984  
HAWKINS, INDIANA

**THE DAY HAD DRAGGED ON FOR KYLE.** Math had barely crept by and bled into lunch as the bell droned for the hungry students to escape to the cafeteria. Kyle collected her freshly organized binder and trailed out of Ms. East's classroom behind Nancy and Jonathan.

Kyle had her green eyes trained on the two friends who had barely spoken before the disappearance of Jonathan's brother, Will. April had mentioned that she found the two's relationship a little strange, as they seemed to be hanging onto each other because of *something* and now Kyle couldn't help but wonder every time she saw them together.

Kyle was forced out of her trance by an orange invitation shoved into her chest by Tina Hoffman, who smiled wide before Nancy had caught her attention, asking for another invitation (for Jonathan).

"Hope you can join us, Kyle," Nancy grinned skipping her way to Jonathan and shoving the invitation into his chest and rattling on about him attending.

Kyle shook her head. It was none of her business what the two had gotten up to. So, she looked at the invitation with a poorly drawn ghost on the paper that she now found herself tracing with her recently painted blue nail.

"Get *sheet* faced?" Kyle asked to herself.

"You goin', bright eyes?" a barely recognizable voice asked as his arm slinked around her shoulders and gripped her tight and close to his side.

As if the two had known each other for years rather than talking only on a few occasions in their physics class where she had been assigned as his lab partner, Kyle stayed neatly tucked away in his Billy's arms. She turned to look into his sparkling blue eyes and awkwardly smiled

up to him. Slowly, red heat found its way to her cheeks as she thought back to that morning and quickly returned to her invitation.

"I don't know," Kyle sighed as the halls grew thick with gossip that bounced off deaf ears. "I have an essay I need to work on," she explained, returning to watching the barely noticeable freckles that littered Billy's cheeks.

Billy laughed, raspy and booming, at her response.

"An essay? What essay?"

"Uh... you know, the essay in... English?"

"Are you asking me if there's an essay in English?" he asked teasingly.

"No, there is. It's what I have to work on," Kyle defended, her shoulders growing tense and suddenly paying attention to Billy's arm wrapped so comfortably around her shoulders and the eyes trailing their every move down the hall.

"Alright, Kyle, but while you're at home working on a made-up essay," Billy sighed, a slippery smirk falling onto his red lips and his blue eyes turned dark like a thunderstorm. He leaned in close to her, his breath tickling at the side of her neck as he whispered, "Halloween is a night for all the monsters to come out and play, and baby, you've met the King of them."

Kyle scoffed, shoving Billy off her and shook her head to rid her body from tingling and the mix of disgust and embarrassment from creeping on her face.

Billy laughed louder from her anxiety and tried to move in close again, bumping into Jeremy Tonoki from physics and could feel her embarrassment start to cloud her judgment.

"It's just a party," Kyle told him, rolling her eyes and bringing her binders up into her arms and close to her chest to act as a shield.

Kyle kept thinking about how Billy was nothing like the guy she had met before in front of his house. He was sweaty and tired and irritable. Something about his father coursed fear through him like

her own, and he didn't want to be there.

There, in the confines of high school, Billy was safe from his father and the terrors of his house. He was more confident and could be his asshole self. He walked with Kyle like they were old friends and not new neighbors, whispering in her ear like a little girl and making plans for an adventure sometime soon that would undoubtedly fall through.

Kyle eyed him carefully watching as a smirk took up Billy's amused features watching as she tensed and squirmed under his gaze. His blue eyes kept watch over her, and he waited to strike.

"It's just a party," Billy mocked her, and Kyle was surprised to face a childish side to him. "It's a *high school* party. You'll never have another chance like this until college."

"Until college? That's like a million years away," Kyle laughed, the two now entering the open cafeteria filled with students who could all watch them on full display.

Tommy H was at his table, practically screaming Billy's name to join them, but he ignored them as he kept a steady gaze on Kyle.

"Think about it, bright eyes," Billy told her, pointing a finger at her. She nodded, watching as he turned on his heel, pulling out a cigarette and walking right past Tommy H. and their table of popular douchebags to instead go outside and find himself some peace.

Kyle was standing in the middle of the cafeteria, acting like a lost puppy until she regained her thoughts and moved towards her table. Kyle sat down at her table in the corner. She unwrapped her sandwich from the plastic wrap and readied herself to eat it but not before coming face to face with Charlie's unwavering gaze judging a hole into her head.

"What?" Kyle asked.

"*What?*" Charlie asked, his big doe eyes hopping from her to April and back to her with his jaw hanging loose. "Are you serious? *What?* Were you really just talking to *the* Billy fucking Hargrove?"

"Didn't we establish this early on? He's my neighbor," Kyle repeated, rolling her eyes as she moved to her food and far away from the subject of Billy Hargrove but was yanked back in by April's bony fingers.

"Kyle, we know your neighbors, but since he's been here, he's racked up a pretty good reputation. Mainly an asshole, a flirt or a flirty asshole," April explained.

"The two of you walk in here like old pals, and you ask *what!*" Charlie scoffed, talking to himself now.

"Hey, grandma! Chill on the dementia. He was just wondering if I was going to Tina's party next week to try and get in my pants," she explained, shrugging.

April turned from her to Charlie, her eyebrows knotted and confliction reflected in her own dark almond eyes. "That *does* sound like the Billy Hargrove I've heard about."

"You guys haven't even met him?" Kyle asked deadpanned.

Charlie didn't respond. Rather he adjusted himself so that he transformed from grandma with dementia to delirious dad. He squared his shoulders, narrowed his eyes, and twitched his nose. Kyle believed he had been spending a little too much time at the police station because for a moment he reflected Chief Hopper, but Kyle moved past that thought as Charlie spoke.

"Kyle, just be careful. I've heard he's already bagged three chicks since he's been here and two of them have been *at school!* You don't want to get dragged into whatever bullshit he needs to compensate for."

"Yeah, yeah, *dad*. I've got a handle on it. I don't spread these legs for just anyone," Kyle assured him, patting Charlie's hands.

Charlie rolled his eyes, snatching his hands from Kyle's.

"Yeah, only for Geroqe Michael," April snorted, her head down and her hair covering her face but the coy smile making its way onto her face was ingrained into Kyle's head until her dying day.



"Oh, shove it, *April!* Or should I say' secretly in love with a *Wookiee!*!"

"I am not!" April screamed in Kyle's face, turning to Charlie. "She's making things up to get under her skin."

"April, I don't judge. I just sit here waiting for graduation so I can ditch you losers."

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**AUTHOR'S NOTE!** woo! i was trying to figure out how to make this chapter longer without going into the halloween party and it went from like two chapters of kyle awkwardly talking with nancy to this! so, i'm happy we moved past nancy so we could get some good kyle and billy interactions.

on the other hand, i finally finished season 3 but these chapters will be SPOILER FREE FOR SEASON 3 because i'm not about to ruin it for people. so please, try to keep comments spoiler free or with a warning in case people haven't been able to watch it yet. it always sucks to get spoilers especially when you feel like you can chance it just as little.

ooh! also i have new chapter gifs that will be the same for every chapter because they took too long to make but will go kyle, billy, kyle, billy etc every chapter. these do not indicate the POV!

anyways, thank you guys for reading! feel free to check out my blog .com for more content anddddd im going on vacation this weekend so no updates until at least monday!

#### 4. planck's constant

**BILLY HAD ONLY BEEN IN HAWKINS FOR LESS THAN A WEEK, AND YET THE SCHOOL WAS BUZZING WITH GOSSIP AND RUMORS ABOUT HIM.** Some people talked about his nice ass or how he was slowly rising to usurp the king with his charm and basketball skills. Now, the so-called some people had been April and Charlie, and it was the only gossip Kyle had come across, but she was still forced to listen to them chatter on and on about Billy Hargrove.

For Kyle, she didn't care for gossip. It was fun at times, but Kyle had no interest in talking about her neighbor. Especially since she was a shit liar and if he asked what gossip she had heard she'd spill after a terrible lie about a monkey, the circus and chickenpox.

Kyle was able to get past the thoughts of Billy. Although now, she sat across from him in Physics with a lab set up and a packet full of questions. Kyle was always excited for a new lab, especially one on Planck's Constant, but the twitch in Billy's barely-there mustache gave away that he wasn't sure what he was doing.

Kyle was stunned by Billy's intensity that he focused onto the paper, his blue eyes scorching a hole into his packet and the scowl on his face had her wanting to run far, far away. But, she was stuck with him. All Kyle could think about was him trying rather than demanding her to do all the work for him.

"You can talk to me," Kyle assured Billy, his blue eyes burning turned from his paper to her in between the light bulbs. "We are lab partners and Planck's Constant is tricky if you've never heard about it before."

Billy sighed, running a hand through his dirty blonde curls. He turned and looked around the room to see if anyone had been watching him, then turned back and handed his paper to Kyle. As her fingers grazed the paper, Billy snatched them back. His glare was sharp like knives, and his tone had turned from its normal sultry tone (even when he wasn't flirting) to an intense hiss.

*"Don't tell anyone I care about getting a good grade on this."*

Slowly, he handed the packet back to Kyle as she nodded and took them lightly.

"Which one?"

"Fourth, I don't get the equation," he muttered.

Kyle skimmed the page and landed on four where Billy's messy handwriting littered the page with guesses and stressed scribbles. She compared her notes, organized neatly in her green binder, and nodded her head lightly.

"It's easy, so this is asking what a violet photon would be. So, if you take its frequency which is  $7.5 \times 10^{14}$  hertz and then you have to multiply by Planck's Constant which you keep writing as 6.626, but you seem to be forgetting the  $10^{-34}$ ."

Billy scowled slightly at her although she had given him the answer he was looking for. Kyle stared at him, confused until she remembered she had claimed that this work was easy. Kyle could feel the guilt rise in her stomach as Billy pulled his packet back to finish the equation.

Science had always come naturally to her, unlike history, which bored her to tears. She couldn't lie and say it was hard because, for her, this stuff was simple theory. If she were in middle school now, she'd probably be best friends with the dorkiest kids there, which happened to be Mike Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers, and Dustin Henderson. Now, they settled for discussing AV club every so often, and she answered the odd science question when Mr. Clark wasn't relenting on answering them.

Kyle's green eyes moved past Billy, and to the girls behind him. They sat perched on their stools like birds and batted their eyelashes like feathers. Kyle smirked lightly, a plan forming in her head as she stood on the footrests of her seat to lean over their lab and whisper, "Hey, the girls behind you are totally checkin' you out."

Kyle could tell in the way Billy's eyebrows creased, and that dirtbag smirk of his struggled to come up that he wanted to stay mad at her for as long as he lived, but he relented quickly. He didn't move his

head from where its hanging position but he did raise his sky blue eyes to look at her through his thick lashes to stare at her smugly.

"Yeah? And what about you, bright eyes? You checkin' me out?"

"We're back to this again?" Kyle sighed, falling back into her chair.

"We're *always* on this, Kyle. Until we make those rumors *spreading* come true," he whispered hotly across the table where Kyle felt like his breath had hit her skin like he was sitting beside her. Kyle couldn't help the red hot flush blazing across her cheeks simmer.

"You're an idiot, Hargrove," Kyle muttered, returning to her lab to measure the volts between the LEDs as she ignored him.

"I'm an idiot for you, baby," Billy teased, a shit-eating grin piercing through her heart, but the wink he sent the girl behind her reminded Kyle what he was.

"Get back to work, Bill. We have bills to pay," Kyle joked, trying to lighten the air for herself but it stayed hot and humid with him around.

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**THAT NIGHT, KYLE WAS SITTING AT THE DESK IN HER ROOM, ANNOYED WITH THE ARGUMENT SHE HAD WITH HER FATHER.** She had been careless and forgotten to throw the invitation away at school before Edwin had gone through her belongings as he always did. Kyle hadn't even planned on going until her dad demanded that she not go to her party. Now, like all rebellious teenagers, Kyle was going to sneak out of the house just to go.

On her dresser, *Ride the Lightning* spun while she tapped her foot along to the beat of the record, muttering the lyrics under her breath as she focused on the red stains she was painting. It wasn't loud, barely audible really because if her father caught her listening to that 'devil music' he'd break her record and start screening all the music she planned on listening to, which would result only in the boring classics of Mozart or Beethoven.

Kyle had been close to beautifully ruining her white church dress

when she heard a door slam, but the familiar rattle that followed did not come. She pushed her chair back to look out of her yellow curtains where the window was open to let in the cool October breeze.

Beyond her window, and into Billy's, he stood in his room panting and pacing with a red stain marked across his cheek.

Kyle stood slowly from her desk chair, concern running its course through her veins at the familiar sight of Billy wiping aggressively at his eyes and jumping every so often to allow the adrenaline to escape him.

Kyle knew the familiar feeling of red hot burns more than she knew the burning flush she had received from Billy earlier that day, but Billy was reacting in retaliation. His moves looked deadly from the pink glow of embarrassment to the wild look in his eye.

Billy didn't seem like he'd cool off anytime soon as Kyle would've flung herself into her pillows and cried herself to sleep by now. So, as the smooth voice of James Hetfield had calmed her so many times, she hoped it would help Billy. Kyle set her heavy record player on the windowsill and then followed suit in front of it. She lifted the needle and begun the record from the beginning, turning the music louder as it was meant to be played.

Once the familiar medley of *Fight Fire With Fire* made it's way to Billy, he lifted his haunted blue eyes to catch Kyle waving at him. Billy continued to stare, the scowl on his face becoming more pressing as he watched her pry into his life. (Although, he had done the same the first time they met.) His fists clenched making the veins in his arms pop and stomped forward to the window to slam it shut. He followed with dragging his curtains closed.

But, the record continued to play for him. Kyle let the record spin on its track. She imagined Billy laying in his bed only barely able to hear it through his shut window as she stood to flip the record. He'd probably thought she had gone to sleep or maybe he had gone to sleep and wasn't thinking anything. But, if he were still asleep, perhaps he thought that the music wouldn't still be there for him. That just like everything else, she and James Hetfield had left him.

But she turned the record, set the needle back down and played Side B for him, as she did for herself night after night.

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**AUTHOR'S NOTE** ! yo, this girl is back from vacation and finally wrote another chapter. my friend said she wanted to see these kids as lab partners and if you say 'great chapter' again i'll stop updating this book. you know who you are.

i'd also really appreciate hearing back from you guys on how you guys find this story and how it's going.

anyways, tina's halloween party is coming up but i wanted to get these crazy kids comfortable together so i could tear all that away later! haha isn't writing fun. anyways, see you next chapter...

## 5. they're all gonna laugh at you

( billy's pov )

**BILLY STOOD IN HIS DRIVEWAY OPENING THE DOOR TO HIS CAMARO, HAPPY THAT FOR ONCE HE DIDN'T HAVE TO LUG HIS ANNOYING STEP-SISTER AROUND WITH HIM.** She was off scaring the other small town hicks in her Freddie Kruger mask while he was headed to Tina's party. The plan was to make a name for himself in Hawkins and usurp the current King, Steve Harrington.

As Billy was about to slip into the smooth leather of his car he noticed something shift out of his peripheral vision. He paused, one foot inside his car while the other half of him rested along the door. He watched as Kyle Murphy struggled out of her window and fell ungracefully on the uneven grass between their houses. She steadied herself and nimbly closed her window.

Kyle turned and froze at the sight of Billy, illuminated by the headlights of his Camaro. What Billy hoped would be an angelic sight had chills running down his spine. Kyle's hair was drenched as it clung to her neck and cheeks making her look gaunt beneath the lights. Her white dress, that looked fairly expensive, was doused in red paint falling into red splatters near the end. She had taken the same paint and made sure to get the same red splatters on her face and Billy shuddered at the realization that she *Carrie*.

"What the hell are you doing?" Billy asked, his tone irritated since the Friday she had put her nose into his business.

"Are you headed to Tina's party?" Kyle asked, her voice soft and awkward as she spoke to him. She was slightly intimidated by him and he wanted to smirk from the superiority he held over her.

"Yeah," he muttered, nodding his head slightly and going to get into his car and leave her there.

"Wait, come on, give me a ride," she told him, already making her way to his passenger's side door like his answer didn't matter.

Billy didn't stop her, only reached into the back where he kept a towel and laid it on the seat before she could sit.

Billy had his eyes set steady in front of him as she climbed in, his hands rested on the steering wheel and waited silently for Kyle to situate herself. She pulled the seat forward so her knees brushed against the glove compartment and buckled her seat belt.

"Two rules," Billy told her, holding two fingers up at her. "One, if some chick wants to go back to her place, you're out. Two, if you need to go home, bother someone else. Otherwise, I'll take you home."

"Alright," Kyle whispered, leaning her head on her right hand and stared out of her window as Billy pulled out of his driveway and made it to Tina's party.

Billy was tired and uncomfortable now around Kyle. She knew what went on in his house but at the same time he knew what went on in her house. They were two kids in similar situations and no way out. Although, where his heart had turned cold hers was warm. He ignored her where she played him music to fall asleep. She was a good girl and he was an asshole. So, why the *fuck* was she sitting in the car with him when he could so easily go to lover's lake and easily make out with her.

Maybe Kyle knew that their shared experiences had her put at a safe distance from the dick inside of Billy. He didn't want to chance losing her because out of everyone in that hick town, she was the only thing he didn't want to lose.

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( *kyle's pov* )

**IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR KYLE TO GET 'SHEET FACED' AS TINA'S INVITATION PROMISED.** By the time Billy had returned inside from defeating King Steve's keg stand time she was downing another cup of pure fuel down her gullet. She stood on the dance floor with Don from her math class laughing non-stop with him. His costume was just a stupid pair of glasses with googly eyes taped on them, but the way he shook his head and the eyes rattled around had



her hunched over.

Kyle could feel her stomach churning and the familiar burn in the back of her throat had her running for the sink. She wasn't sure if it was because of how stupid funny she found Don or that she couldn't handle the four drinks she had, but now she was pushing past partiers to get to the kitchen and throw up in Tina's sink.

When Kyle was finished, she caught Nancy walking in to the punch bowl where the Roman announced that the drink was *pure fuel* as he had for her. Steve was quick behind her and pulled the cup out of Nancy's hands.

"Let her, let her, let her *drynk*, Harryton!" Kyle called to Steve like he was across the room and not just a few feet away from her.

Steve rose one eyebrow at her in that arrogant way of his before turning back to Nancy.

"You wanna be like her?"

"We're supposed to be stupid teenagers for the night," Nancy retorted raising her hands defensively.

Kyle kept staring at the squabbling couple but their conversation kept going in and out and they kept getting blurrier and blurrier so she moved forward to take Nancy to the dance floor.

Nancy was a lightweight as the alcohol worked its way through her quickly, the two girls dancing stupidly together. Steve had joined in soon after he had gotten himself tipsy enough to enjoy himself. The two were blissful until Nancy went for another drink and Steve was quick to block her.

Kyle stayed on the dance floor, barely noticing that the two teens were long gone and weren't coming back. Now, she was in a limbo of adrenaline pumping through her veins and drowsiness starting to set in.

Her eyes focused on Billy across the room, talking to Carol and slowly she made her way to him. She wasn't sure what she was going to do but something in the back of her head was screaming at her to

stop.

Billy noticed her coming, his eyes taking a quick glance out of the corner of his eye, keeping the conversation with Carol until he realized who it was and turned to her fully.

Kyle now stood right next to Billy, her side leaning against his side and her hand resting on his sticky chest. Her mind wanted to do something she'd never do in a million years but the other was distracted by how her hand was now sticky from touching him.

"Yes, bright eyes?" Billy asked, his gaze set on the top of her head while Carol walked away.

Kyle looked up caught in his blue eyes. His face was close to hers, inches away and she couldn't help but focus on his pink lips. She was leaning in and her hand was rested back on his toned chest. Their lips brushed before her drunk mind was pulled back and she was just staring at her hand in disgust.

Billy's tone interrupted her, irritated and low, "Did you need something? You're already walking all over my chances to bag one of these whores."

"Carol? She'd never do you," Kyle muttered, still looking at her hand. "She and Tommy H. might be horny fuckheads but they don't cheat on each other. Or maybe they do? I don't know, I just know I was coming over here for *something* but my hands all sticky."

Billy sighed taking the hand she was just staring at and dragged her back to the sink she had thrown up in and she could still see some after effects inside as Billy ran the water.

"Alright," Billy told her. "I'm going back. Don't bother me again."

Kyle nodded, watching the water run over her hand. Billy had left her but the water hadn't as it carressed her hand and warmed her skin. She kept on staring and it kept on running. Kyle wondered where it was all coming from. She tried sticking her head underneath the tap to see but was met with a stream of water right in her eye. She spluttered, removing herself from the faucet. She raised her head and

found *him*.

Those fucking googly eyes that kept on shaking and spinning and she was laughing with everything she had that had her falling back on her ass. She laughed and laughed and laughed, thinking about those googly eyes and how they rattled around. She tried shaking her own head to see if her eyes would do it but it just had her laughing again.

"Give me your hands," a voice told her.

She rose her hands, shaking her head around like the googly eyed guy and cackled right in the voice's face. The voice had pulled her up to her feet but didn't have her going far as he bent down and flipper her onto his shoulder.

Kyle wanted to protest but she caught sight of Don again and she was laughing her way out of the door. Her face was buried into the voice's leather jacket and she could catch the beer stench radiating off of him.

Kyle flopped into the passenger's seat of a familiar Camaro and came face to face with Billy sitting in the driver's seat. She wondered if Billy had been the one to bring her out here or if it was someone else. Because by the time she was in the passenger's seat he was in the driver's and he'd have to be able to teleport to be so quick.

Billy was close to her now, his face in hers and Kyle wondered if he was trying to start what had almost happened inside. His lips close to hers and brushing over her lips with a small smirk as he moved past her. He took the seatbelt from beside her and buckled her in and she was vaguely disappointed he didn't want to kiss me.

"No," Kyle shouted, pushing Billy's hand from putting his key in his ignition. "Kiss me."

Billy turned to her and *laughed*. Kyle was glaring at him and he was laughing like she had just made a joke. He didn't say anything, returning to putting his key in the ignition. Kyle had her hand reaching out for the key but it was already turned and running the engine.

"*Nooo!* Kiss me!"

"Kyle, I'm not kissing you."

"Why not?"

"You're drunk."

"And that's what's stopping you?" Kyle asked, but by him responding she had gotten distracted and he was pulling out of Tina's party.

Kyle had found her seat belt latch and unbuckled herself, sitting on her knees as Billy drove and leaned over to him. She set her hand on the side of his neck and was sloppily trying to kiss his neck.

"*Kyle!* Get the fuck off me," Billy shouted, his skin hot under her lips as he shoved her off. He pulled to the side of the road and was leaning back over her again.

Kyle had her hands slinking into his dirty blonde curls while he tugged her seat belt back on her. She was trying to pull Billy down to her lips but he was already off her and back in his seat.

"Come *on*," Kyle whined, taking the hand closest to her. "Come on, come on, kiss me, kiss me."

"Will you shut the fuck up if I do?" Billy asked and Kyle was nodding enthusiastically.

Billy leaned over kissing right at the edge of her lip, trying to get the upper hand on her but her hands were already tangled in his hair and she was pulling him in for a kiss on the lips. She was quick and his lips tasted like cigarette smoke and danger. Kyle had her tongue in his mouth and Billy was pulling himself away when he found himself sinking deep in her warmth.

Billy huffed loudly, the lights of a passing car illuminating them panting and red. He had his hands back on the wheel, a scowl on his pretty face and he was pulling out of the ditch he had pulled into.

The car was silent between their loud breathing. Kyle couldn't help but think of Billy's hot lips on hers and how she wanted to make out

with him in the driver's seat. She kept looking at him, ripe with anger, and she was disappointed that he hadn't enjoyed what she thought he would want from any girl. Someone to want him.

The silence was deafening on her as she kept thinking about Billy and their shared trauma and how he hadn't enjoyed her kisses. Her hand snuck its way to the radio and turned the radio up.

Billy had let her turn up his radio as they turned onto their street and the second he was in their driveway Kyle was out of his Camaro and at her window struggling to push it up without alerting her parents.

Kyle found a stepping stone on the side of the house her mom wanted to use for her garden and dragged it to the window to help her get in. She struggled to get up, her arms giving out within seconds of pulling her up. After a few moments of struggling she felt Billy at her waist helping her into her window and shoved inside.

As she laid on her carpet, she found her limbs unable to move and her brain turning to mush. The energy within her was gone and soon she was snoring.

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**AUTHOR'S NOTE** ! hello, im back with a great new chapter as you can see! now, i was editing this last night and wasn't feeling it... so i re-wrote it this morning and wow! what a change this became. listen this chapter was gonna be so different if i posted yesterday. there's wayyyyy more added and kyle was not going to be a happy horny drunk.

anyway! school is coming up soon so i might not be updating as much as i liked but just bare with me. also! if you guys are into request blogs you should check out mine and jakesperaltas new blog on tumblr at .com . request stories from us from stranger things to harry potter, we've got it all!